

## I'll see you in your dreams

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## I'll see you in your dreams

by [Micha\\_in\\_the\\_bathroom](#)

### Summary

"I- Skeppy I- I remembered my dream"

Oh. Oh shit. Well then, that's a surprise. Skeppy didn't know why it hurt so bad. He didn't know why his mouth went dry and his face fell, or why it felt like there were rocks in his stomach and he felt the need to throw up. He didn't know why. So he just ignored it. Skeppy couldn't help but wonder why bad sounded so excited, he'd seemed to have lost interest in his soulmate, but apparently he was so excited that he'd called him in the middle of the night. Actually, now that he thought about it, why did he call him?

"That- that's great bad, I- who is it?"

"It's- Wait hold on" bad paused, before exhaling shakily, "you don't...you don't know?" He asked, though it sounded more like a statement than a question,

"No? Why would I?"

Or in which they're set in a world where you start dreaming after meeting your soulmate, and remember them once you realise you love them, and Skeppys an oblivious fool and Bads in love

### Notes

So this has been sitting in my drafts for like, weeks, because I couldn't be bothered to edit it, but I didn't like it enough to just post it anyway. I finally got around to doing something with it and here it is-

Enjoy :3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Skeppy loved dreams as a child. He hadn't dreamt once in his life, but he absolutely loved them. Of course, he didn't quite know what they were like, but from a child he'd been told it was like magic once you started dreaming. no one really remembered them, well not until they actually fell in love, but they did remembered the warm feeling of being with their soulmate, and the conversations they'd have. Then when you finally remember them, you wake up and frantically grab your phone, or rush to wherever they are immediately, because you realise, holy shit it's you, and some people freak out because why the fuck is it them and others rush into their soulmates arm and cry, then others feel heartbreak when they realise that the other person hasn't remembered their dreams just yet. Skeppy loved dreams. He couldn't wait for the day when he started dreaming. He was expecting it any day, and whenever he met someone around his age, he'd go to sleep hoping maybe he'd start dreaming. He just didn't expect it to happen on his first day of highschool. It was rather disappointing, since he'd met loads and loads of new people that day, since he transferred to his school completely and utterly alone. Everyone he spoke to that day was a new person, meaning it could be any one of them. So, after about a year passed, a horrible year of searching, and asking around at school and trying desperately to hang onto any piece of information he could, his soulmates hair colour, eye colour, skin colour, or their gender or their name, he gave up trying. His soulmate had to be in the school somewhere, but he figured that the universe had made them soulmates for a reason right? Then they'd be sure to find their way to each other. Though that didn't make it any less annoying waking up with that name just on the tip of his tongue that he just couldn't remember,

"Oh my god!" He groaned as he opened his eyes, gripping at his hair, "why can't I just remember?" He rolled over into his side, staring at his room, which was only barely lit up by the window by his bed. He needed to get up, and get ready, especially since he was supposed to be walking with bad, who'd already be awake by now. Though he just couldn't be bothered to move. Moving seemed like so much effort, and he'd rather drift back to sleep and hopefully meet his soulmate there again, that is if the other person was still asleep. He remembered absolutely nothing about his dream, which is weird right? Like, if you don't remember your dream the how is it any different than not dreaming at all? See it's like, you do remember, and you remember for a slit second, what your soulmate just said, or what you were last doing and then it's gone, and no matter how hard you try, you just can't remember, no matter how hard you try. And you find yourself asking questions, what's their name? Who are they? Was it a boy or a girl? Or something in between? He didn't exactly know what he'd prefer-

"Skeppy? Are you up? Bads here!" His mom yelled from downstairs, and Skeppys train of thought halted to a stop. Stupid bad only living a few doors down! Couldn't he give him like, ten minutes to sleep in for once? He was always there, seven thirty on the dot, ready and waiting. It was sweet though, and Skeppy mildly liked the routine. So, he jumped out of bed, in this panicked frenzy, haphazardly throwing clothes about and trying to find something suitable to wear. Black jean shorts and a t shirt would do, right? Yeah sure, that's all he needed why not.

So after brushing his teeth and making a half hearted attempt at brushing his hair down, he stumbled out the door, yelling a quick goodbye to his family and slamming the door behind him,

"You look tired" bad stated, a little giggle in his voice, which just made Skeppy groan,

"You look bald"

Bad let out an offended gasp, his hand whacking against his chest, "Geppy!" There was that stupid name again, did he even know he was saying it? "How dare you!"

"I was just telling the truth" he giggled, glancing to bad, who was still wearing that offended look,

"Stupid muffin" bad mumbled, going quiet, but he still wore a smile on his face, so Skeppy knew he wasn't really mad. He always worried about actually offending or hurting bad, since he was pretty sensitive, but it hadn't happened yet, and Skeppy just kept on pressing, and sometimes he wondered if bad really was going to brake, though he never did,

"You remember any of dreams yet?" Bad asked, knowing that Skeppy had always been obsessed with his dreams,

"Nah, nothing" he sighed, his voice now defeated and flat, "you?" Bad had cared a little about his soulmate when they first met, and he was pretty excited the day he started to dream, but slowly Skeppy saw the boy become a little less enthusiastic about finding out who was, and more reluctant to talk about it, though Skeppy had no clue why. Sure, he wasn't actively looking for his soulmate, but he was still pretty desperate to find them,

"Nope" he said, a small almost smile on his face as he popped the P, his walk far to cheerful,

"You're so weird" he shook his head, smiling when bad gave him a curious look, "it doesn't matter just...don't worry bout it" he laughed at Bad's face, which had just become more and more confused, and walked through the school doors, and heading towards their lockers, which were pretty close to each other, thankfully,

"Geppy c'mon! We're gonna be late for homeroom!" Bad whined, watching as Skeppy stuffed his bag into his locker and tried not to let text books fall out and make a mess,

"You could always go on without me y'know?" He grumbled, attempting to forcefully stuff his bag into the locker,

"Well maybe I will" bad stated, spinning round on his heel and walking away from Skeppy, who was now counting in his head.

One, two, three and-

"Geppy, please hurry up!"

"I knew you wouldn't leave without me" he laughed, text books and stuff in hand and his locker now closed, "we shouldn't be too late, there are still a couple other people coming in" he said, gesturing to the groups of other people wandering down the corridor and heading into rooms,

"I hope so" he mumbled, "I don't like miss when we're late"

"Yeah I know, she's a freakin' demon" he sighed, walking at the same pace bad did to their homeroom class, "dream and the others should probably be there by now, so we can head to lesson together...oh damn yeah, what lesson do I have first?" He asked, mostly to himself as he fumbled with his stuff,

"English" bad laughed, flicking Skeppy's arm a little, "you stupid muffin"

"Wha- how do you remember my time table?" He asked, staring at bad like he was crazy, and almost bumping into their homeroom door because of it,

"Because, you silly muffin" bad started, pushing open the door and walking inside, "we have like, almost the exact same time table, and my first lesson is English...check if you don't believe me" he smiled, sitting down at his seat near the back of the class while Skeppy sat in his, near the front and to the side.

He sighed, blindly trusting bad with his lesson plan and landing his head on his table with a thump. That hurt. He buried his face in his arms, thinking and blocking out the noise of the classroom. He heard voices, barely being able to match any of them. Except Dream SapNap and George. He smiled to himself, listing in on the conversation, as SapNap and George practically yelled at each other and dream did his stupid kettle-laugh. Dream and George both started dreaming when they were really little, just as they started middle school, and George remembered his the day before dream did, they've been a horrifically adorable couple since, but SapNap didn't even dream yet, and it didn't seem to bother him, since he didn't seem to be searching for any kind of relationship. Both Skeppy and Bad had started dreaming on the first day of school, but that was pretty common, since there are hundreds of students and people in schools, especially high school, so the chances of you and your soulmate going to the same school weren't impossible. Though Skeppy couldn't deny that the thought of bad being his soulmate crossed his mind. He only saw bad as his friend. His best friend, sure, but that was it. He shook his head, needing to stop thinking of his relationship with bad, and picked his head off the desk, waving to the trio of idiots beside him, "yo"

"Skeppy, Hey, got here on time three days in a row" Dream laughed, turning away from the other two, who were now arguing over a...pencil?

"Oh my god shut up" Skeppy laughed, shaking his head, "bad keeps magically materialising at my door, it's like his mission to make sure I'm not late or something"

"Aww, you guys are so- ow" he whined, when Skeppy kicked his leg from under the table, "okay okay, fine I'll shut up" he laughed, his smile dropping when he heard another yell from SapNap, "would you guys shut up? Miss'll be back any second!"

"Dream!" George almost shouted, saying dream the way he always did whenever he was annoyed, "SapNap isn't giving me the stupid pencil!"

"I found it first! Why do you want it anyway?"

"I dropped it yesterday! It's mine!"

"Oh yeah sure it is-"

"You guys can't cooperate for one second, can you?" He laughed, "what a dream team we are" he wheezed, smiling at the other two's unimpressed faces, and Skeppy just sat back and smiled, hoping that he'd have this with his soulmate at some point. Banter that shot easily across from them, and being able to insult one another and knowing they didn't mean it. For a second, his and Bad's relationship crossed his mind, but he shrugged it off. For now, he'd just have to sit and wait. So he did.

"Skeppy no, World War Two didn't start in year 1414, why would you even- I don't-" bad groaned, attempting to fix Skeppy's work as SapNap laughed beside him, "you aren't being helpful SapNap! Oh my goodness"

"Dude, It did start then! It started because the bald Germans could figure out the photosynthesis of the bisector! Like you!" He complained, shoving bad from his piece of work, that was most

definitely incorrect,

"You're gonna get in trouble! Let me fix it!" He whined out, attempting to grab the pencil from Skeppys hand,

"Fine!"

"Good!"

"Good!"

They both huffed, bad turning away after he fixed Skeppys mistake. There was silence, and the rest of the classroom got on with their conversations as SapNap giggled next to bad, having watched the whole thing go down,

"If you two don't end up as soulmates, I'm suing the universe" He laughed, and both Skeppys and Bads faces shot to him. Skeppy couldn't really tell, since bad wasn't facing him, but he coulda sworn he saw a little pink on the edge of his face,

"What?" They asked at the same time, Bads voice high and squeaky while Skeppys was deadpanned,

"Dude why?" He asked, confused. He and bad being soulmates would be...chaotic to say the least,

"You two really are idiots, I remember dream and George were just like- ow! Bad!"

"Shush you muffin! We are not like dream and George" he mumbled, hiding his face in one of his hands as he doodled on the edge of his paper, it looked like he was drawing a...wait why a baguette?

"Oh thank god that's over! Fucking hell, writing about world wars is so boring!" He complained, holding his finger up as bad went to speak, "I know I know, language and stuff, whatever...what class do you guys have next?"

"I've got Maths with you" SapNap stated, looking at his time table,

"I've got french with my buddy a6d" bad smiled cheerily, and Skeppy frowned at the name, he was sure he recognised it. Then it hit him,

"Oh I know that guy! He's the one where he gave you the house-"

"Yeah, the Wooden house he made in DT and have me as a joke and which you then attempt to set on fire"

Skeppy grinned, smiling at bad. He didn't quite know why he tried to do that. All he could remember was that he was really annoyed at a6d for giving him something. At the time he, and everyone else, chalked it up to Skeppy being his usually destructive self. Well everyone but dream, who was convinced it was an act of jealousy, since it was similar to his behaviour whenever people interacted with George. There was this one specific time when dream got all salty with George after he spoke to this other girl, near their last year prom, and she said he looked cute. Then they had this emotional make up, and dream apologised, it was all fluffy and cute, and made Skeppy slightly sick. No way was he like that with bad. He wasn't possessive, or jealous at all!

No! Not at all! He sighed, repeating that over and over in his head as he watched bad cling onto SapNap as they walked home. I'm not a jealous person, I'm not a jealous person...why would I be jealous? Especially about bad, no the thought is just...stupid, it's stupid. He sighed, thinking what was even more stupid was the way bad cling to SapNap, leaning on his for support, and the way SapNap wrapped his arm round the boys shoulder, and supported him. Why didn't bad lean on him? They lived closer to each other, so it would make more sense for after the group split up, sure he was a little shorter than bad, but so was SapNap, and-

"You okay there Skeppy?" Dream cut in, interrupting Skeppys thoughts, a smug look plastered over his face,

"I'm fine" He spat back, stuffing his hands into his jean pockets and looking anywhere but at bad and SapNap. Stupid dream with his stupid soulmate and stupid predictions and stupid thinkin' he knows everything about Skeppys stupid emotions.

He heard a chuckle beside him, from both dream and George, but it seemed bad and SapNap were to preoccupied with each other to notice anything. Tch, typical,

"Hey so we're playing on the SMP when we get back, right?" SapNap asked, and Skeppy noticed that bad was no longer hanging onto him, he repressed the smile about to brake onto his face and turned to dream,

"Yeah sure, I'd like to listen to Skeppy and bad screaming at each other about houses again" he laughed, and Skeppy couldn't help but smile. He and bad always had...interesting conversation when playing Minecraft, and one of the main things that happened when they played on the SMP was Skeppy yelling about moving out, and bad begging him not too, and following him when he did. Also death, that happened a lot. The two couldn't get away from each other, even in minecraft,

"Nooo! Skeppy you aren't gonna move out again are you?" He asked, his eyes wide and pleading,

"I dunno! Maybe if I get bored of the house or something!"

"Or if another one of your dogs dies so you don't wanna live there anymore" dream pointed out, which lead to George laughed a little,

"Dream! Be nice" he spoke between giggles, which just made dream wheeze more,

"Don't bring up poopy! Or-or fluffy, or Buddy...Jeez I've had a lot of dogs"

"At least we've still got Reberto!" Bad cheered happily, and dreams wheezing just increased as he clung to George, who also seemed to be holding back laughter. Skeppy shot a glare at the two of them, not wanting bad to realise anything, "what?"

"Nothing bad, it's nothing"

"Alright Geppy" bad smiled, walking closer to him once they noticed the split in the road, "alright guy, team speak later?"

"Yup" dream nodded, walking down the road and waving at the other two, SapNap and George in tow.

Bad and Skeppy had only been walking with each other for a couple minutes before bad broke the silence, still staring down at his shoes as they walked, "hey skeppy?"

"Yeah dude?"

"When you...when you find out who you're soulmate is, we're not gonna stop hanging out, are we?"

Skeppy was a little confused by the question, because why would they? They were best friends, of course, he'd love his soulmate, and be closer to them, but that didn't mean he'd lose contact with bad...did it?

"No man, what are you talking about?" He almost laughed, smiling at bad and stopping outside of his house, "we're never gonna stop hanging out"

Bad glanced up to him, his eyes meeting Bads. They were so green. He could tell that from far away, and there was some kind of emotion in them. One that he just couldn't figure out,

"Skeppy I...I think-"

Bing

Skeppy huffed, reaching around in his pocket and pulling out his phone, glancing at the message that had interrupted bad,

'Hurry up and get in team speak loser'

"Dream telling us to get in team speak...what were you gonna say?"

Bads warm smile was gone from his face, and his eyes shone with a different kind of emotion. Now he looked a little sad, and defeated,

"It doesn't matter, I'll talk to you in a few, goodbye Geppy!" And then he was off, running to his house that was only a couple doors down. That was weird. Super weird. What did bad wanna tell him?

Skeppy had been enjoying a pretty good dream, of course, he couldn't quite remember it, not really, but he knew for a fact it was good. Before he was woken up by ringing in his ears. A phone ringing. Who the hell would be calling him at whatever time...what time was it? Sure it was a Friday night, so a lot of kids would be up late, but who would call him?

He grabbed his phone from his bedside table and read the user ID. Bad. Why was bad calling him at whatever time? He sighed, pulling down his phone screen to look at the time. Four. Four thirty eight in the morning. Why?

"Bad?" He answered groggily, rubbing his eyes as the phone screen was far too bright for his eyes used to the dark, "what's up?"

"I- Skeppy I- I remembered my dream"

Oh. Oh shit. Well then, that's a surprise. Skeppy didn't know why it hurt so bad. He didn't know why his mouth went dry and his face felt, or why it felt like there were rocks in his stomach and he felt the need to throw up. He didn't know why. So he just ignored it. Skeppy couldn't help but wonder why bad sounded so excited, he'd seemed to have lost interest in his soulmate, but apparently he was so excited that he'd called him in the middle of the night. Actually, now that he thought about it, why did he call him?

"That- that's great bad, I- who is it?"

"It's- Wait hold on" bad paused, before exhaling shakily, "you don't...you don't know?" He asked, though it sounded more like a statement than a question,

"No? Why would I?"

The line went silent, and he couldn't even hear Bads breathing on the other side, as if he was holding his breath,

"Bad?"

"I- it's- I'm...no reason, seeing if you could guess is all" Bads voice was all croaky, and tight, and Skeppy wondered if he was crying. He wasn't quite there, so he couldn't see whether bad had bitten his lips, or if his eyes got glassy, "I'm gonna- I'm gonna go now, sorry for waking you up Skeppy"

"No wait no, who is it, tell me" he smiled, though it was stupidly pained, and his voice was strained. He wasn't sure if he really even wanted to know who was destined to be with bad, who was destined to take him away,

"Nah I'll...I'll keep you guessing...anyway, I'm gonna go sleep, g'night Geppy!"

"Wait no-" the line went dead before he could finish, and he sighed, flopping onto his back and closing his eyes. Bad knew who his soulmate was. He knew them. He was also in love with them. Crap. Bad had fallen in love. The thought pained Skeppy, it hurt like hell and he just didn't know why. He didn't know, so he decided to bush it off, thinking it was just because he was afraid of losing his friend or something. Because there was no way he was jealous. No way.

Okay, just because Skeppy hated seeing bad upset, or sad, or tired, or bored, or basically anything other than angry or happy, didn't mean he was in love with him. Not at all. It just meant he cared. That's all,

"Dude I'm telling you, you're being so stupid" dream laughed, staring at Skeppy as the boy stared intently at bad, who was sat looking pretty sad, leaning against a tree, "he remembered his dream, and called you, expecting you to know who it was, it's obvious it was you"

"Y'know, I gotta agree with dream on this one buddy" SapNap shrugged, picking grass from the field they were sat on, and also staring at bad, as he glumly stared at the sky,

"But- I- I don't love him!"

"Remembering dreams only start after you realise you love someone, you could just not know it yet" George shrugged, dropping grass in sapnaps hair, "you go talk to him SapNap, you're closest to him aside from Skeppy"

"Wait what, Why me? Can't you do it?" He asked, groaning and throwing grass back at George,

"Didn't you hear what I said? You should go because..."

Skeppy tuned them both out, staring at bad and thinking. What was up with him? He'd been acting off since the call last night, not paying attention to conversation, or avoiding being alone with Skeppy at all, things like that. He hadn't even gotten a good look at his face. He had no clue what was going on, or how to fix it, but he did know that he hated bad being like that. The only question was why. Why was bad so...off?

Skeppy sighed, pulling himself off the ground, without telling the others what he was doing, they were caught up in their own conversation anyway; and walked over to bad. The boy wasn't sitting



to far away, but out of ear shot, and out of conversation range, which was pretty okay with Skeppy, because that meant he could talk with bad without anyone else interrupting,

"Hey"

Bad glanced up, his green eyes meeting Skeppys brown ones and something flashed over them, recognition and care, and also hurt. So much hurt that you would've thought Skeppy had murdered someone in front of him,

"Hi" that voice. He had been crying, Skeppy was sure of it. He wasn't sure when bad had started crying since last night, and Bad hadn't spoken since that call, just waving and nodding at the group, and hanging back. He smiled a bit, and it was mostly believable, but Skeppy knew it was forced. Though now he heard his voice, the horse croaky-ness of it, and how tight it was, he knew that bad had been crying, and as he looked around his face, his red cheeks and slightly blotchy eyes, the way his jaw was clenched and his bottom lip was trapped between his teeth, he realised the he probably just hadn't stopped.

"You need to talk about it?"

"No"

"Okay" Skeppy nodded, sitting down next to bad and pressing his shoulder against the other boys. He didn't need to add anything onto the end, no 'I'm here if you need to talk' or 'you can talk to me if you want' because bad already knew that, bad already knew that Skeppy would drop anything when it came to him, and he knew that Skeppy would be there at four in the afternoon, or four in the morning, he knew that, and he still didn't talk. So that meant he didn't want to. And that was fine. If bad didn't wanna talk, and he couldn't help verbally, then he would sit there by his side, and he would wait until bad was ready to tell him what was wrong, he would wait years until bad was ready, and when he was, and when he did talk, he would listen, and he would be there. Because that's the most he could do, and maybe that's not enough, and maybe he's not the one that bad needed to feel better, but that's okay. It wouldn't stop him from being there, it wouldn't stop him from loving bad. And as bad turned, and buried his face in his shoulder, and he wrapped his arms around the crying boys back while he sobbed, he continued to deny something so obviously staring in his face, something he played off as friendly affection, because that was just easier.

He and bad went home early that day. Skeppy bought him a muffin on the way back, and bad actually took part in conversation, instead of standing silently. He was still a little preoccupied, with whatever was on his mind, but Skeppy helped to take his mind off it a little, until nighttime hit, and Skeppy walked bad back to his house, not really wanting to leave the boy alone for a second,

"You didn't have to walk me back you know" he smiled, a little less forced and more like the bad he knew,

"Wanted to make sure you were okay, be here in case you needed anything"

"He doesn't remember" he said, unlocking his door and pushing it open, but not making any move to go inside, "he doesn't...he doesn't love me"

"I- you're soulmate?" He didn't know why he was asking, because there was no one else he could be talking about, but he hated the idea of bad being in love with his soulmate, and the idiot not loving him back. How could anyone not love bad?

He only nodded, his eyes trained to the ground, "alright Geppy, I'll see you later, yeah?"

Goodnight!" And then the door was closed, and bad was gone.

Afterwards, neither of them mentioned it, bad went back to his usually muffiny self, and Skeppy went back to teasing him daily, they never brought up how distraught bad was, or what he'd said. Skeppy didn't even know who his soulmate was, but he was sure the guy was an idiot. If he was close enough to bad, and lucky enough for bad to fall in love with him, and yet he didn't love the angle boy back, then he was an idiot. Skeppy didn't mention it when bad was happy, and laughing, or when someone else brought up soulmates, or when he caught bad looking sad on his own, or when Bad asked about his soulmate. But he did think about it. He thought about it quite a lot actually, and soon began forgetting about the search for his own soulmate, and only trying to figure out who's bad was, so he could punch some sense into the boy. But then, as he lay in his bed one night, racking his brain about how to help, he realised something. Something so blatantly obvious that it was right in front of his face, and something that everyone had been telling him for years, something that he'd been denying from the moment he met bad. He loved him. With every part of his soul, he loved him. And he always would. Even if bad wasn't his soulmate, and even if bad was perfect with someone else, and even if it crushed his soul to see that, he would still love him. And he would still do whatever the hell it took to make bad happy, even if it hurt. Not for the first time, he found himself wondering if maybe bad was his soulmate, but ruled that out the second he realised that bad already knew who his soulmate was. Bad would tell him. Bad would tell him. He knew how obsessed he was with his soulmate, and he knew that Skeppy would believe him once he told him. And he also knew that Skeppy loved him. He knew that, right? He huffed, not really wanting to think about it at the time, and just switching off his phone, attempting to head to sleep. Maybe he'd remember something.

When Skeppy woke up, he woke up crying. He also woke up remembering everything. He remembered the way bad looked at him with tears in his eyes, and the way he ran to his arms and hugged him. He remembered the way he hugged bad close and told him he loved him, even if he didn't know it yet, and he remembered the way he comforted bad, and said he was so fucking sorry for not realising it sooner, and the way bad said he would wait as long as it took for Skeppy to fall in love with him too. Then he realised that one; no, bad actually hadn't told him he was his soulmate, which sucked but whatever. And two; Skeppy was the god damn idiot who bad managed to fall in love with and he was the one who had the nerve not to realise he loved him back. Shit. The phone wouldn't be enough. He couldn't just fucking text bad no way. Even calling wouldn't do it. He needed to see him. He needed to see him in person and right there, face to face. So, even though it was two o'clock in the morning and pitch black outside and he was sure Bads family, and his, were asleep, he stormed out of his bedroom, and rushed down the stairs, his mother groggily calling from her room and asking what was up,

"It's- I- I need to see bad!" He rushed out, slamming the door behind him and rushing down the street. Sure, maybe he was overreacting, and maybe he should've just called bad, or spoken to him in the morning, but he needed to apologise, in person, and tell bad he loved him in person, and see him in person, and needed it all now. He'd made bad wait two weeks already, why should he have to wait even a second more?

He guessed bad was the only one awake in his household, but he wasn't sure, and he didn't even know if bad would open the door, probably just expecting it to be some socio at the door planning to murder him, so thank god he'd grabbed his phone before rushing out the door,

'Open your door'

'Please'

'You're probably awake so please open it?'

'Need to talk to you'

He was half way through typing out another message when the door in front of him opened, revealing a pretty tired looking bad, though his eyes looked worried and a little scared,

"Skeppy? What's up-"

"I remember" he started, and Bads eyes widened impossibly large, "I remember it bad, I remember...I'm so sorry Bad, I'm sorry, I love you so fucking much and- and- it took me so long to realise I'm so sorry, it's- just- fuck, c'mere" he sighed, grabbing bad and moving forward a little, to press his lips to the barely taller guys,

"Language" bad mumbled once they pulled apart, though his grin was so wide and bright he obviously wasn't mad,

"Oh okay, so I come here, spill my heart onto the floor for you, and you complain about that? Okay, okay yeah, I see how it is"

"Nooo! Geppy I didn't mean it like that! I'm sorry!" He whined, clutching onto Skeppy when they boy tried to move away, "if it makes any difference, I love you too, but you already know-"

"Bad? What're you doing down there?" A voice called and Skeppy recognised it as Bads mother, and he cursed under his breath, giggling when Bad gave him a stern look,

"I- I'll be up in a minute mom!" He shouted back, before looking up guiltily at Skeppy since he'd have to go back in, "I'm sorry"

"It's fine, don't worry bout it" he smiled, stepping away from bad a little, "I'll see you in your dreams" he smiled, before leaving bad on the door step and returning home.

Yeah, Skeppy loved dreams. Though he did love bad just a little bit more. And maybe that's cheesy, and a little stupid. But it was the truth, so who the hell cares.

## End Notes

Tell me what I can do better if ya have any tips, I'm always lookin' to improve-

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